

THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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BLINDLY SELF-CENTRED.

"Hell is wrought by want of thought."

THIS fair white linen, wrought for me,
Is sown by hands that toil
Between the straits of penury
And famine, yet my heart can see
No deadly taint, no soil;
I read no interwoven spell
Of Self, high priest of hell.

These gay birds in their lofty cage
Are fondly cherished still—
Yet through their native forests rage
Red-handed slaughterers, who wage
Grim war, for my good will;
I see no blood, no conscience stings,
I get me daintily wings.

I hear that in a deadlier strife
Eve's daughters faint and fall—
But since love holds my guarded life
Of tender maid or happy wife,
I heed it not at all;
Nor feel around my heart the spell
Of Self, high priest of hell.

I greet upon the public ways,
And welcome to my home,
You rose whose lascivious gaze
A demon in the man betrays,
Though he with angels roams,
In what if one I cherished fell,
Lured by his light from hell?

What if those toiling hands, one day,
Be pointed all on me?
What if the woodland slaughterers
lay
Redonny skirt their mangled prey,
That heaven and earth may see;
And cruel conscience stabs and
stings,
For all my dainty things?

What if my fallen sisters cry
For fellowship in pain,
Since pitiless I passed them by,
Who scorned from man's betrayal
Lie,

Powerless to rise again?
O God of mercy, do away
This guiltiness, I pray!

What if the wine-cup, pressed by me,
Be red with blood of souls?
What if the wrongs I would not see
Came hissing through eternity,
Like serpents from their holes?
O Christ of God, speak now love's
spell
And break the yoke of hell!

E. H. C., Ruth, W. A.

THE SWEATER



"SELF, HIGH PRIEST OF HELL."

Sir John Gorst says: "Sweating will never be stopped so long as the public insist upon always buying at the very cheapest possible price, irrespective of the condition of the workers."

There is a heinous crime in our modern civilisation which should come under the ban of every soldier and servant of Christ, viz.: sweating.

Its root, like all other ungodliness, lies in the selfishness of mankind, but the root has developed most rapidly under the influence of modern business competition.

Dollars and cents must be turned in. Six feet of earth will easily accommodate the individual when he "shuffles off this mortal coil," but while acting his part here he ceases almost boundless control. David said to God, "All my springs are in Thee;" but the modern sweater originates all his springs in his own selfishness, from which point they form wild lines in every direction.

It is argued that it is impossible nowadays to successfully conduct business on the do-as-you-would-be-done-by principle. We say frankly we do not believe this statement. Its disproof can be demonstrated by actual facts, but if any sweater imagines he is correct in that statement then he should give up all business that cannot be done richly. Better join the embargos and get a ten acre plot in the Over-Sun Colony than stand on the coffin of the dead to pile up oats. Amongst fortune-makers there are some now who have "made money," every coin of which is enriched with human blood. Is your money clean? Straight talk comes from the Book on this matter. Read:

"Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you."

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments moth-eaten."

"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last day."

"Behold, the hire of the labourers which have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cry of them which have reaped and entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth."—JAMES v. 2, 3 and 4.

Crieth, Oh! that he had "made money," does that hear that word "crieth?" The voices of your transplanted-to-death brothers will yet be heard, though it be not till the great Judgment Day.

JOHN CONRAD.

CAPT. STUBBS,

Of Blenheim.

SLOWEST MOPE THE LORD EVER SAVED
—TRY TO WIGGLE OUT—ADJT.
TAYLOR'S INFLUENCE—MAR-
BIRD—FATHER DIES—
“MORE THAN EVER
SALVATIONIST.”

MY LIFE has not been a very eventful one. I was neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, but the son of a farmer, consequently I knew more about farming than preaching, though I knew when the preacher did a good thing.

My parents were honest, in every sense of the word.

My mother was a Methodist of the plain, old-fashioned type. She never troubled about the fashions. Father made no profession whatever about religion, and said that he did not think those who did were any better than him. He never tasted liquor nor used tobacco, nor would he allow it to be used in the house.

I had good desires, and if that would have made me a Christian I would have been one long ago, but there was something else hindered good desire in an evil heart. I did try my hand at being a Christian when young, but I guess I never got in very deep, consequently I soon got out, and lived in that state for a number of years, until the Gospel Army struck town, when I, with some more, were converted. They never preached holiness, soon exploded, and were no more, so we hung on together until the Salvation Army came, took us in, looked after and cared for us.

My what a time some of the officers had with us. I often wondered how ever they were so patient when some of us were so slow. I think I was the slowest mope the Lord ever saved.

I JOINED the church in the country in the hope of being a blessing to my companions there, quite a number of them being then just converted, and with the majority of them, if not all, I soon began to dry and withen up. In about three or four months I got tired of that and struck back for home, and have been there ever since. I soon applied for the field, and was hoping the photo I sent to Headquarters would give them such an opinion of me they would refuse my application. I tried to wiggle out of it, but had to come down to it in a very short time. Left my home, Waterford, hall scared, for the Training Home, on July 14, 1890. Managed to pass through the rules and regulations of the Home, especially the influence of Adj't. Taylor, then in charge.

months out, hardly knowing which way to turn or do for the best; made up our minds to take a station, and here we are in Blenheim. We are more than ever Salvationists. Yours in the war,

CAPT. AND MRS. STUBBS,
Blenheim.

ONCE MUCH PREJUDICED

—WAS—

SERGT. NELLIE DOWNEY,

Of Kingston,

Now L. B. Agent, Ward 2, and
Captain.

SAYS ADJUTANT MAGEE to the Editor: "Some time ago you asked for his sketch of agents, with photo. This is my first. I hope to keep it going in future."

"T. A. MAGEE, Adjutant."

Hear, hear, Adjutant!—Other L.B. Agents note.—Ed.



SERGT. NELLIE DOWNEY,
G.B.M. Agent at Kingston, Ont., Ward No. II.

Born at Sydenham, Ontario. Parents, Church of England. Feit herself a great sinner, especially when lightning flashed and thunder roared. Age of fifteen moved to Kingston. Lived next door to barracks. Seidous attended for two years—much prejudiced. Captain York comes on scene. Soule got saved (Jesus lifted draws the crowd). Much convicted. Could not get saved at home. Volunteer. Found liberty. Seized by fever. Battle for life for four months. Brother and sister got converted, also Roman Catholic church. Lot better. Together with others joined Army. Got into a soldier's Promised Land. Cry Sergeant. After two years appointed Grace-Before-Man agent. Now candidate for field. Plays guitar skillfully, sings for Jesus, and is happy.

The above was set up for last week's Cry, but crowded out at the last moment.—Ed.

HIS FOOTSTEPS.

"Our Lord may come at midday, When the noon-day meal is spread, And take us away to Heaven, To feast with Himself instead.

"It may be in the twilight, When the day's work is almost done, The hour we give to the children, Joining their childish fun.

"But be it morn, or midnight, At noon-day, or twilight sweet, May our lamps be trimmed and burning,

At the coming of His feet."

—English Cry.

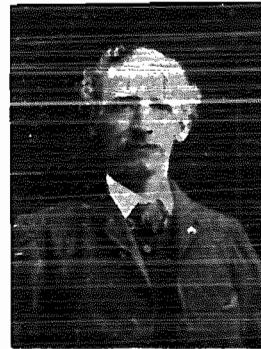
HALIFAX L—We held our annual picnic on July 3rd at Prince's Lodge. Beautiful day, a large attendance, everyone seemed to enjoy themselves. The Lord is blessing us, sinners are coming to the cross, proving God's power to save. Sgt.-Major Caslin.

A CORNWALL SOLDIER GOES

HOME

"His warfare now is ended,
The sounds of battle cease."

Our comrade, Charlie Casson, entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God on Wednesday night, the 22nd of May, at 10 o'clock, ending



BRO. CHAR. CASSON, late of Cornwall, now "present with the Lord."

his seven years of fighting and his 48 years of mercies from our Father's hand. Taken ill on Saturday night, neither his family and friends, nor his doctors, thought it was death till Wednesday afternoon. He was able to meet the doctors, warning them not to see me for further hope of life for him here till "It's all right." His thoughts were for those he was leaving. He wished and looked in vain for his eldest son, who had been sent for from Boston, but his eyes were closed to Cornwall and to earth before he arrived. In the afternoon of that last day he asked his loved daughter to sing. She waited till he repeated his request several times, thinking it was a wandering thought. "Play something, then, dear. If you can't sing" he whispered. She took up the book, and it opened at "I'm the child of a King," a favorite of his, and they sang it together, his voice rising in the song.

It was a very large funeral indeed. A multitude of women and children waited for us at the cemetery, and a great number of Oddfellows and Fosters took part in the services.

"Yes, we'll gather at the river
That flows by the throne of God."

M. P., for CAPT. COOLE.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE, A SOLDIER'S CROWN.

Sister Mrs. Porter in Heaven.

Seven years ago last January the Salvation Army opened in Kemptonville, Capt. Gracie McKenzie in charge, and one of its first converts was Mrs. W. J. Porter. She knelt at the pentitent form, fully convinced that she was a sinner, and there claimed the promises of the Saviour to "cleanse from all sin." Her conversion was a thorough work, as her life since has proved.

AMONG THE FIRST

to be enrolled was our now "angel-sainted sister," and her one desire was to be a faithful soldier, and many a God-given message she delivered in the open-air and from the platform.

Capt. Porter made several visits to the U. S. where she endured it like a good soldier. She was also President Form Sergeant of the corps. A year and a half ago her health gave way, and she could not attend the meetings as regularly as was her wont. Yet her faith was in Christ, and a few hours before the end, being very weak, the writer asked her if she was

trusting Jesus for all. She replied,

"OH, YES,"

and her face shone with the light of glory.

Her desire was to have an Army funeral, and some days before her death she told Mrs. Larter that she wanted to be buried as a soldier, in full uniform, song-book, Bible and books placed on the coffin while going to the grave, so that the people could see that she was a Salvationist, but her dying request was not granted, and the corps had not the privilege of performing the last end rite.

The following Sunday evening Capt. and Mrs. Larter held a most impressive memorial service, which was well attended by the life and others, who knew the life of our sister. Appropriate solos were sung, also some of her favorite choruses, soldiers and Christians testifying as to her *christian* life and beautiful character. A. M. C.

MISSOULA, Mont.

**GLORIOUS VICTORIES—ARMY IN SA-
LONG—A LIBERAL PROPRIETOR—
HAMILTON'S TIP-TOP TIME—64
WAR CRIES SOLD—PIONEER
PART.**

We altered our usual plan recently. Instead of holding an open-air meeting, we march down the street into the Headquarters Saloon (by the permission of the proprietor), took charge of the platform, which is used for the musicians, and begin our meeting. Good crowd, very attentive. When the collection was taken up the proprietor dropped \$1 in the tambourine. Total collection, \$1.90. God bless the saloon keeper for his generosity toward us and the Army.

LATER—LIEUT. QUANT and FLAG SERGT. FROST took the train for Hamilton 48 miles away, to hold the first S. A. meeting there.

Bros. Young, Lawrence, Becker, and Wright, followed later.

As soon as we arrived in Hamilton we found and procured a hall, then began to sell War Cries and announce the evening meeting, and sold sixty-four War Cries that afternoon. At 8 o'clock, on Main street, we had about 200 people standing around the open-air, good order prevailed. We then marched to the hall, the crowd following and filling the hall.

The people were told by the Lieutenant that they would be notified when the next meeting would be held in Hamilton. We think that it would be a good place to start a corps, as it will be self-supporting, and that the Army will reach a class that the churches cannot.

There can be four out-posts started in the vicinity: Granby, nine miles; South Corvallis, five miles south-east; Victor, seven miles north, and Stevensville, twenty miles north-east.

This is a thickly settled country, all around the people seemed to be very willing to have a corps opened there. God bless Hamilton, there are so many souls to rescue.

It is a fine lumbering country. They have one of the finest mills west of the Mississippi river; capacity of mill about 300,000 feet per day.

While we were gone to Hamilton to fight the devil, the four comrades that were left at home also had the devil to contend with. While they were on their knees praying in the open-air the devil came, in the shape of a man who was well known in Mississauga, and is,

A Slave to Strong Drink.
He tried to stop one of the comrades from praying, but he prayed all the louder for God to have mercy on him. He could not stand the red hot shins any longer, but retreated into the saloon. Praise God for the victory once more, on the eve of the 28th.

Lieut. Quant, Bros. Frost and

Fredericks

visited the county jail, where a number of men are confined for eight officers, and also two women for murder. We sang, prayed, gave them War Cries, and spoke to them about their souls. One of the women said she prayed three or four times a day. God bless the poor souls who are confined there.—Flag-Sergt. Jas. H. Frost and Treasurer W. A. Frederick.

Illy STUBBS, son of Capt. and Mrs. STUBBS, of Blenheim.

Promoted Lieutenant, sent to Prestcott, Beachburg, Almonte, Athens, on furlough, then sent to London II. My what a place to train one! The Captain skipped and left me. Promoted Captain and finished the fight there alone. Forged next with a proper, good ship, Soule, and made a number of soldiers. Clinton, Buxton, Mitchell, with its handful of soldiers doing a very good thing, making week end and banquet, \$61.28. Farewell from there, and was married to Captain Sandalek on Dec. 19, 1898. Took charge of Goderich. There three months. Got word my father was hurt. Went home immediately, to find he had passed away. Ten

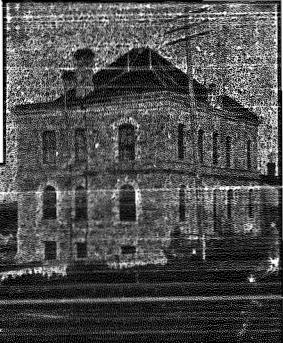
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"THE BLACK DIAMOND CITY."

Nanaimo

Corps History.



POST OFFICE, Nanaimo,

A THOUSAND DOLLAR LOT LEVELLED — NEW BARRACKS SHAPING — PRAYERS AND PLAYERS — FIRE-DELLS — WAR TACTICS — JOVY LITTLE JUNIORS — NUMBERLESS GEMS.

ONE OF OUR LASSIE OFFICERS in the field, Lieutenant Annie Hurst, of Edmonton, Alberta, who had been a soldier on the other side of the Atlantic, came into the corps while Captain Coulter was in charge. She stuck to her post as a soldier until, failing her call to the front of the fight, she sent in her application as a candidate. This was accepted, and farewelled April 18, 1894, for Winslow Garrison. After four months' service in Canada she was promoted, and has since been stationed in Moosomin and Edmonton. The opinion of many when she left Nanaimo was that she would be dead in three months, but she is not dead yet, and asserts that she does not feel a bit like dying, but still belongs to

The "Cheer-Up" Brigade.

When these two brave lasses said good-bye to Nanaimo the corps was in splendid condition, both financially and spiritually.

Captain Frazer and Lieutenant (now Captain) Kadey next took charge. The work went ahead faster than ever, every night the marches and open-air meetings were well attended, while the platform often proved too small, as fresh converts were made into blood-and-fire soldiers.

During Captain Frazer's term of command a very important business transaction took place, viz. the purchase of the ground on which the S. A. barracks now stands. The price of the lot, \$1,000, was raised by the soldiers, exclusively of outside help. The lot was very rough, and many an hour's work was put in by the soldiers levelling it down and getting it to shape for building.

Another advance made about this time was the forming of a brass band. Previously, the only music by which the message of salvation had been delivered to the people on the street was that produced by

The Lusty Throats

of the soldiers, in addition to the valuable aid of the big drum. The prospective bandmen set to work with a will, some instruments were procured, and young ones started to teach them fits of charge. This was no small task, but under his supervision they made steady progress. The first tune accomplished was the well-known song,

"I believe we shall win."

which is characteristic of the spirit in which that effort was put forth.

God inspired them, and they did win. His strength can be seen by the flourishing brass band of Nanaimo corps to-day. When Joe Williamson became a Salvationist he was appointed bandmaster. Under his leadership the band went ahead, and has been ever since, though B. M. Williamson has removed from Nanaimo to California. At present Bandmaster A. Duggan lends them on to victory

In Matters Musical,

with the instructive assistance of his brother, the original teacher, who is now a soldier, and in the name of their Saviour they are going forward, desirous of being a help and blessing to others who are in sin. They fully understand that it is necessary to be prayers as well as players, and as they use their instruments in producing the music, they want to be used in God's hand in saving souls.

The next in charge was Captain Hayes, an officer who has only to be known to be loved by everyone. During her stay she was assisted by Lieutenant Allanson, and the Scotch lassie also, Lieutenant Johnson. She was much used of God while here.

Many slumbers were turned into blood-and-fire soldiers.

IN FEBRUARY, 1892, on the occasion of the visit of Commissioner D. Ross to the coast the land for the barracks was dedicated by him, and quite a large sum of money raised for the building.

An officer, well known in Ontario, went to the Training Home from this corps when Captain Hayes was in charge. We refer to Captain Charles Bearchell, whose life history appeared in the War Cry a few months ago.

On his arrival in Nanaimo in March, 1891, he was a "member" of the Methodist church, but, to use his own words, a very poor one. God wanted him in the Army, and, after a few months' consideration, he could be found on the platform

Clothed in Gospel Armour.

After fighting some time as a soldier, the call for the field came. He obeyed, and on June the 8th, 1892, farewelled from "the old corps" that brought him to the fold."

Since that time, having been promoted to the rank of Captain, he has had many and varied appointments, but God's grace has been sufficient every step of the way, and he thanks Him for ever leading him to the S.A. in Nanaimo.

The corps was in splendid condition, finances good, and the soldiers' roll on the increase, when farewelled orders again.

We were glad to welcome in our midst Captain Massacar, of Victoria, and Lieutenant Franklin.

These officers were well-known War Cry boomers, and many different incidents could be told which were experienced while

Bombarding the Saloons.

Then, as now, many of the bartenders took the War Cry every week, and were greatly disappointed if by any means they were missed, but occasionally an exception to the rule was found.

Captain Massacar one day went into a saloon, and, on asking the young man behind the bar to buy a War Cry, received an answer in the affirmative. He had only time to lay down the money when the proprietor, who was present, said that no War Crys were to be sold in his house, as the S. A. people were always working against his business. The bartender was determined to have the Cry, and his employer vice versa. To avoid a collision, the bartender started to fight, but in the meanwhile the practical Captain procured the money, left the War Cry, and went his way.

LIVE —
DUCKS, CHICKENS, FOWL,
and even a STEER were
donated to last year's

Harvest Festival, HURRAH!



That Chief of Police — Didn't we Sing — Old Veterans — Crowds and Souls.

We are STILL IN SANDUSKY, having grand meetings outside and in.

Sunday morning we had a grand open-air. At our hall the Chief of Police met us and would not allow us to play our band, but we did sing, you can imagine.

Out again and crowds gathered, listened, and followed us to the hall, packed from platform to the door. BUSHILER, OUR NOTED EX-MONK, was to tell the story of his conversion.

After this, the Adjutant, accompanied by Bro. Amies, of the Brigade, and Bro. Stapleton, of Sandusky, paid another visit to

The Old Soldiers' Home.

Three hundred were there to meet them, and followed them up to their library.

Oh, what a sight, to see hundreds of old veterans, who had fought so nobly for their country, drinking in every word! Here and there a sigh could be heard, followed by tears.

THE HALL WAS CROWDED before we returned. Oh, the need of salvation in Sandusky!

This is a city of twenty thousand population. There are 280 saloons, and I am told, on good authority, that there are over two hundred young women in

These Hell-Holes of Sin.

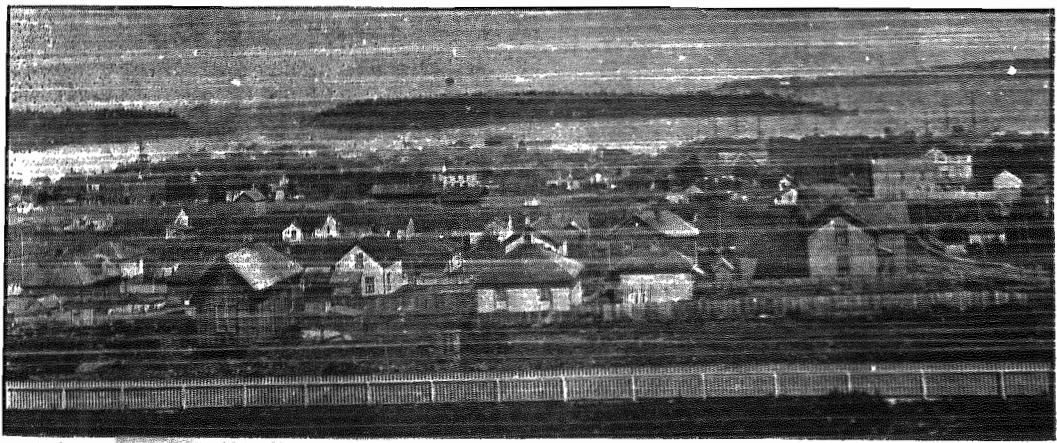
Business houses are all open on Sunday, and everything is going on just the same, and yet there is no S. A. here.

When we bid farewell we had the largest meeting of our stay, one of the finest and best of the trip. Even in this city of sin we had to thank God for two precious souls who sought mercy.

Tuesday we LEFT FOR CANADA. Spent a night at an out-post called WHATELEY, and started off for CLEVELAND. We have had three grand meetings in this city. There are nine corps, a Rescue Home, and Children's Shelter. This is a salvation city, but yet there is lots of work to be done.

J. V. A.

TEMPLE—Victory is our song this morning, a hard fight all week, but last night the break came. EIGHT surrendered. Great rejoicing time among the troops. Hallelujah!—End sign Ayre.



GENERAL VIEW OF NANAIMO, B. C.

MAJOR JEWER.

Word Received from Heavenly Headquarters to
"MOVE ON"
Yet Another Step.

The Boy.

JAMES JEWER was born in NEW-FOUNDLAND. The son of a sea-captain, Harbor Grace was his birthplace.

Before his mother's death he had attended Sunday school and church, but only because he had to. Afterwards he dropped it entirely, having no personal interest in it, and seeing there was no one to keep him up to it. His father was away six or eight months a year, so with his brothers and sisters he was left almost entirely to himself. As to religious convictions or aspirations, they were almost entirely absent until he met the Army.

The Man.

He decided he wanted to be a SHOE-MAKER, so he had a try at a shoe factory. He soon got tired and threw it up.

Next he knocked down to BAR-TENDING, till someone met him in the street and asked him if he was going to spend his life POURING OUT DAMNATION to his fellow-creatures. Soon after he found he was tired of that job, too, but it was not from any conscientious scruples he gave up bar-tending.

CARPENTERING was the next venture. Flourishing the hammer, building and framing houses, he found full scope for his super-abundant energy. The crowd amongst whom he worked took a liking to him, and the now lad learned to like the taste of liquor far too well.

He was always a great one for life, LIFE! Give him anything but with plenty of life and action, and he could be as happy as the day was long, whilst whatever savored of "religion" he utterly abhorred—regarding it as the very antithesis of his own nature.

Still the voice of God spoke to him with words of warning in a way that he could not choose but hear through many a scene around him, in those days of lavishness, reckless fun and frolic. More than once he barely escaped with his life.

The Salvationist

At last the Salvation Army came to St. John's. They opened fire at a place called "The Bazaar." Crowds and hundreds were there to be seen, including many Catholics, and the greeting they received, was a warm one.

Now, although "one of the boys," and cherishing a profound enmity towards anything "religious," still he loved to see fair play. So, as soon as sods and stones began to fly freely, he was in for a fight, and hustled his way through to get near the women to take their part, thoroughly enjoying the row.

Nothing would induce him to go into the meetings, however, for a long time, until they opened in an old factory. Even then he did not like it, his prejudice against hymn-singing and such-like was too strong. But some of his friends "got saved," and the change in them was so evident that he had to admit to himself that there was "something in it."

Then it was not long before he was SOUNDLY CONVERTED.

It was not long before he found himself in front of the battle as Cadet in the field.

It seemed to him to be a splendid thing to be alive and able to fight with all his might and all his time for the Kingdom of God.

After Catalina, Lieut. Jewer was sent to Halifax, New Glasgow, Dart-



MAJOR JEWER.

mouth, Fredericton, St. John L., and Charlottetown followed.

After this he became A. D. C. to Brigadier Scott, then he was sent in charge of the St. John District, under Brigadier Jacobs; finally to the Halifax District. The Commandant visited his quarters there whilst waiting to cross the water.

Soon after, he "got a move on" to Toronto, in charge of the Temple Corps and Toronto District. Then as A. D. C. to Central Province, Commander of the Naval Brigade, Delegate and leader of the Self-Denial Brigade, he spent a very eventful year. Promoted STAFF-CAPTAIN, and accompanied the General right through from B. C. A long sickness kept him behind the scenes for some weeks, till as Acting Provincial Secretary for Central Ontario, he took the title of MAJOR.

What His Comrades Say.

PROFOUND AND HEARTFELT are the expressions of grief amongst his comrades at Headquarters, and throughout the Province, in fact from end to end of the Dominion. There is universal mourning, as when a hero falls, and yet the cloud has a radiant silver lining.

TO THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH the death of Major Jewer has come like a great shock, for he was exceedingly beloved by his leaders. He was one of their most devoted and most loyal officers, one who never caused them a moment's anxiety.

COLONEL HOLLAND looked as if his heart were too full for speech.

"Dear old Jewer," he said, "I cannot realize the fact that he has gone. His death is a great blow to the Canadian Army. Men of his stamp are, unfortunately, very few."

"Why he should have been taken just at the moment when we appeared to need him, it is hard to understand: it is, however, one of those mutations which we can leave with God in a confidence."

In a letter to the commandant, Mrs. Jewer says:

"HE SUFFERED EXCRUCIATING PAIN for two days and one night, and his sufferings then were only relieved by the morphine powders. The pain he passed through so reduced him, that he became as helpless as an infant."

"I cannot tell you the darkness of the past two weeks. But in my darkness there has been a ray of light shed abroad, and now fills my being, that nothing is 'impossible with God.' Major told me on Wednesday afternoon that a few days more and all would be over, but I cannot give him up."

"Major said you must write to Toronto telling them how ill I am, so they may know and pray. Ask the comrades to pray. Our God is the living God, and will answer, I do believe."

BRIGADIER JACOBS pushed all his papers to one side.

Brigadier Clibborn

Cosmopolitan Salvationist.

ONE OF THE OVER-SEA-COLONY PIONEERS.

A Few Notes About His Work in South America and Other Places.

A genuine Salvationist he is. Medium build, nicely compact, with a broad face, and kindly, sparkling expressive eyes, unusually full beard and moustachios, and every movement gentlemanly. He greets you with a smile and a heartiness that is infectious.

BRIGADIER CLIBBORN has just paid a flying visit to Toronto Headquarters on his way to the Northwest. Accompanying the Commandant, he goes to reconnoitre the field of the Over-Sea Colony. Like his distinguished brother, Commissioner Booth Clibborn, of France, he is an IRISHMAN by birth. He belongs to a Quaker family, and was brought up under the religious influence of that body.

Being of rather an independent frame of mind, and taking decisions to shake off the hereditary atmosphere of his Quaker surroundings, he started for California at the age of twenty, and after ten years of an exciting and adventurous life in the GOLD AND SILVER MINING CAMPS of Colorado, New Mexico, and Old Mexico, he returned to the Old Country ten years later.

A Professed Infidel.

WHILE IN PARIS for a few days' diversion before returning to Mexico, he ran across the Salvation Army, and at once became interested.

Shortly after his conversion he entered the ranks of the Army, and was dispatched to Little Rock to assist in establishing some posts in France near the German frontier. While on this service, and holding an open-air near one of the frontier forts, he was ARRESTED AS A PRUSSIAN SPY by the French authorities and marched into the fort, with the bayonets of two sentries at his back. Happily the officer in command knew something about the Salvation Army, and so the dangerous spy was soon set at liberty.

In one of the villages in which he worked THREATS OF HANGING were freely indulged in by the native population, and one attempt was made to put the threat into practice.

After several years' work in France he was promoted to the rank of Major, and MARRIED IN PARIS to an officer who had already been in the work some years. They were appointed to the work in French Switzerland, during which time a solid work was accomplished.

During their several years' command IN BELGIUM a number of posts were established, but the excessive strain had so impaired the Major's health that he was ordered on furlough, Mrs. Clibborn being left in command in Belgium.

The Major's next mission was to SOUTHERN AFRICA, where, at the General's bidding, a number of properties were examined and reported on in connection with the establishment of the Over-the-Sea Colony.

Then came orders to take command of the work in SOUTH AMERICA in the Argentine and Uruguay Republics, with their five million population, the Brigadier found ample scope for his energies.

During two years the work has been thoroughly organized, and it is now in a satisfactory condition, taking into consideration the peculiar difficulties, and that it is a Catholic country.

A year ago he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier.

In answer to a cable he set sail for Europe.

PERTH.—We have two outposts in this place, where we visit occasionally. Good crowds great attention, also fair collections. The names are Falkirk and Lanark. Perth is still in existence. Looking forward for a break. Receiving new names and fresh powder. Going to the center of sin and vice, blowing up the foundations.—N. T. and A. M. Kelly.

THE WAR ORY.

GREAT FALLS'

HALLELUJAH PICNIC.

Showers of Rain and Showers of Blessing.

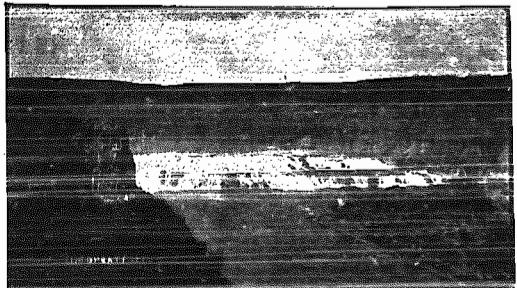
IN A BREWERY.

Great Falls Soldiers Celebrate "The Glorious Fourth" by a Picnic.

At the picnic grounds the order went forth, "everybody enjoy themselves," and they did. At one o'clock lunch was announced. A sumptuous feast, with everything before us that the appetite could wish. The feast had scarcely commenced when a dark cloud, that had been the point of observation for some time, sent forth its warning notes. Shortly after the broken fragments had been gathered the rain commenced. Someone suggested going to

The New Brewery,

In process of construction. Nearly everyone was shortly on the move, and soon arrived. Seats were arranged round the building, and then



THE GREAT FALLS, Montana.

miles, and the officers have to act as treasurer. Forty dollars at an S. A. quarter is unusual, and so the person that took it must have thought. Everybody pray for the man that stole the money.

Great Falls corps will yet furnish many officers for the work. We have a number who should be in the work now, although we shall miss them very much. We feel that God wants them, so we say, amen, hallelujah!

Everybody is pleased with the new officers, and shall be glad to see them very often. Yours for God and souls,

HARRY.

LATEST!

THE GENERAL
IN DENMARK.

King's Garden celebration at Copenhagen, 6000 people present. Final engagement in the Riding House. Seventy souls, Beautiful Officers' Councils, 200 souls during Congress. Big Social advance. New Shelter to accommodate 250 men. Liberal contributions.

The Commandant and
O. S. C. Party.

TORONTO, Monday, July 15. Commandant and Over-Sea Colony surveying party left for Edmonton District noon to-day, on inspection tour.



OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE SALVATION ARMY
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and sanctification of the saved, together with the propagation of the Salvation War in all places.

Address all communications to the Editor, Salvation Army Headquarters, Toronto.

MUCH - LOVED MAJOR
JEWER.

He is gone! Brave warrior. Child-like heart. Loyal Salvationist. Happy, smiling follower of Jesus.

Ready to go to any position, anywhere, and just the kind of man needed—he has fallen in the fight.

Like Ethan, "he was not, for God took him."

Why? We know not. We do not understand. So far as we can see his place is here. The open doors before the Army, and the possibilities they offer for service in the cause of God and Humanity, at the present hour, are stupendous. Men of Major Jewer's stamp are what we most need, yet it has pleased God to promote him to His own presence, and we bow in submission to the Divine decree, believing that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." Our Father has permitted it, as He has permitted many other, to us, mysterious providences, and our answer is, "the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!"

THE ONE SPECIALLY
BEREAVED.

Our precious and now exalted comrade has left one heart behind which must bleed as no other does. The two little ones cannot realize their great loss, but Mrs. Major Jewer feels the blankness of widowhood, now that her noble husband and companion has gone from her side. For the War Cry has no need to be a practical sympathy, for whenever the news of Major Jewer's translation to glory has reached over all this wide territory that sympathy will flow out spontaneously in his stilted measure. The Commandant and Mrs. Booth spoke in the highest possible terms of the Major ere he died, and the following words, telegraphed to Mrs. Jewer by the Commandant on receipt of the sad news, declare the feelings of our leaders to the last:-

"Your message fills us with deep-est sorrow and sympathy. Our be-

loved Jewer is not lost, but gone before. Rely upon all our love and help we can do for you. Exceedingly regret enforced departure Winnipeg to-morrow prevents my proceeding East to conduct funeral. Have therefore instructed Brigadier Scott to represent me."

God bless and sustain dear Mrs. Jewer. Amen and amen.

A PRINCE IN OUR ISRAEL.

It is indeed no stretch of the imagination to say that all our people grieve over the loss. Reached and saved in an obscure city, outside which his name, otherwise, would, likely enough, not have been heard, he illustrates powerfully the unique ability of the Army to make princes of its people who have the sterling worth and ability necessary to fill the position. We say "prince" advisedly, for many a prince has died lacking the affection and sympathy so plentifully showered on dear Major Jewer.

Launched on the strong tides which prevail in the Army, he made royal progress, and had attained to a high and honorable rank and sphere of immense influence when the sword fell from his hand, and he reached higher for the palm of victory.

His absence renders it increasingly urgent to put most pointedly the question to every reader, Will you go to fill the place on the field he has left vacant? Look in the face of Jesus Christ, see what He has done as His share in redeeming this swept world, and answer.

THE O.S.C. SURVEY PARTY.

The survey party, which left Britain July 6th, arrived at Toronto eight days after in excellent spirits, looking pale and hale and hearty. Reference has already been made to the party (in the Commandant's Topics, see page 42), which consisted of Colonel Hurdman, (whose life sketch and portrait appeared in War Cry, No. 40), the Farm Family, Collibron, Hindleight, Britain, Brigadier Collibron, from South America, and Mr. Lawrence, a practical and successful English farmer. The whole world has its eyes on them, although they came and left Toronto so unobtrusively. Too urgently pressed as they are for time to conduct many meetings, they will yet get a typical and whole-hearted welcome wherever a Salvationist gets near enough to them to give it. The Commandant heads the party.

ERRATA.—In the headline of last week's report of Ingersoll \$382 should read \$382.

Joy : Dail : Bag.

"She Being Dead Yet Speareth."

Dear Editor:

Just a line or two to you re our departed comrade, Capt. Hardman. His life will always be to me an example of humble devotion and unshaking faith. It was one of those lives that shame the scoffer at sacred things because it was holy.

Her own difficulties were not slight of in caring for the woes of others, while she herself lived in touch with her God.

CAPT. W. HITCHIE

We have secured a very desirable building, central location, for our Headquarters, and are now doing business for God and the S. A. war for all we are worth. Good luck to our Cry! ENSIGN F. E. SHEA.

ADDRESS: 258 of the Pacific Province is 8225 Stephens Street, Spokane, Wash.

Dear Editor:—I was thinking wouldn't it be a good idea to have a column in the War Cry devoted to useful information, hints, recipes of different kinds, or anything that editors in a tem-

poral way?

SERGEANT-MAJOR CASHIN.

Answer.—Yes, send on recipes answering to above; also see "useful information" column.—Editor.



MARRIAGES

Captain Dodge, of Collingwood, to Captain W. House, of Ottawa, on June 15th, at Ottawa, by the Commandant. Grace-best Man Agent, Eastern Province; Grace-best Maid Agent, Eastern Province; to Captain Brink, of the Ottawa Rescue Home, June 15th, by the Commandant. KNIGHT PUL, Toronto Social, to Captain Aylmer, of Morrisburg, at Toronto, July 8th, by the Commandant.

PROMOTIONS

Captain Ritchie, of the Industrial Colony, to be SENIOR. Lieutenant H. D. Hale, General Secretary's office, Territorial Headquarters, to be Captain. Lieutenant Thomas, Toronto Social, to be Captain. Lieutenant Hale, Industrial Colony, to be Captain.

APPOINTMENTS

ADJUTANT COWAN, Halifax Rescue Home, to take charge of Halifax Rescue Home. ENSIGN MCDONALD, Ottawa Rescue Home, to take charge of Ottawa Rescue Home. ENSIGN MCNAUL, Toronto Social, to take charge of Toronto Social Work. ENSIGN VALE, D. O. Lindsay District, to take charge of Central Ontario Ladies' Brass Band.

HERBERT BROWN, Commissioner.

JULY 14th, '95.

Major promoted to heaven at ten o'clock last night. Funeral New Glasgow Tuesday, 2 p.m.

Capt. Hardman

Quits St. Catharines for Canada.

A MOST GLORIOUS DEATH-BED.

"How Beautiful, It's a Free Passage"—She Saw Angels.

Out of EIGHT MONTHS' SEVERE ILLNESS, nine weeks were spent in the hospital. Here she died. Her suffering was in the extreme severe, yet she always had hopes of recovering.

We found A LITTLE NOTE written by her in her hand. Here is is—

"Came to St. Catharines March 19, 1895. PRAISE GOD. In quietness and in confidence shall be our strength."

"Jesus, I will trust Thee. I desire health only that I may use it for God in helping poor, lost sinners to Jesus."

This was her life's ambition, To do Something for Sinners.

She often would say, "O, how I would appreciate my privileges as an Army officer if I only had my health again." She desired so much to live that the night work, yet was quite satisfied to have God's will in everything.



THE LATE CAPT. HARDMAN.

Just before passing away, she asked her sisters, who were staying with her, to rise on her wings and they would all go together.

Then, with another thought, in radiance she exclaimed, "How beautiful—it's a free passage! We have nothing to fear! Jesus will take us through!"

A little later

She Said, "Angels," and Passed Away.

JULY 2nd we heard her earthly frame to Lestwold, and were met at the depot by officers, soldiers, and a large number of citizens.

MRS. ENSIGN BOWELL and her return soldiers assisted as pall-bearers. Many people met at the home for the service, when the Rev. Mr. Hopkins read from the word of God, and we marched to the cemetery.

A most impressive service was held. The soldiers testified to her life being such a blessing as a soldier. Capt. Bowell spoke of her Godly life as a Cadet, and I was able to tell them something of her deep, loyal devotion to God and His work, as an officer.

ENSIGN MYLER.

BRAMPTON—Desperate encounter with the powers of darkness. Victory on Jehovah's side. TWO SOULS in the fountain. I do believe!—Capt. A. Wissman.

A Friday Night Good-Bye

FROM

THE COMMANDANT

TO

The Officers and Soldiers of
Toronto.

Threatening weather hindered numerically, but not apparently the enthusiasm of the soldiers who, at short notice, assembled to hear the Commandant's farewell words, previous to his departure out west.

The meeting was convened in the Soldiers' Assembly Hall, Temple.

Major Read blew up the fire by leading the knee-drill previous to the Commandant's advent. Guess the Major imagined himself out west again by the style he led off and was followed.

!!!!!!

The Commandant, who was in capital spirits, called for a family circle and a family party, and this will give an idea of the style of meeting we had. The Commandant wanted to talk to his soldiers as he could not to the public generally. Then he unfolded the Social Scheme, from its beginning to the yet untried future,—from the despairing poverty of Old Country conditions to the grand finale, when, as a free man, in body, soul, and spirit, the once submerged would dwell in his own house, on his own farm, a happy, saved, prosperous citizen of earth and heaven. I believe the whole crowd would have volunteered to go had they been asked. As it was, Brigadier Jacobs, who was invited to say a word, had for once the wind taken out of his sails, and begged to be excused on account of the lateness of the hour. The fact is, there was nothing to say; the scheme, always intensely interesting, became in the Commandant's hands most fascinating, especially when he dwelt on the formation and details of the O.S.C. It is a noble scheme, and no mistake.

!!!!!!

The Commandant called for prayer on behalf of Mrs. Booth, whom he had to leave so suddenly. He had intended taking some little rest (which we all know he needs so much) in a cottage recently secured, but just as he had commenced, the imperative claims of the war broke in upon him and necessitated his departure for the west. God bless and sustain both our leaders.

J. C.

EN ROUTE.

On Monday, July 15, at 12 a.m., by C. P. R., the O.S.C. survey party, consisting of the Commandant and Capt. Frank Morris, with the British contingent, viz., Col. Stitt, Brigadier Gibbons, and Mr. Lawford, left Toronto. Their departure was not public, in the Army sense, and many of Headquarters' people had not returned from week-end appointments. Nevertheless there was a spontaneous gathering of officers, who came to see the history-making party off, and the cheering they gave, in response to Col. Holland's call, as the train moved off, was of so hearty a nature that no amateur could be made to see the intense interest aroused in the party going west. We all hope Canada may have the good fortune to get the O.S.C. Colony. It will mean more for the country's benefit than is generally imagined. Meanwhile we say, God speed the survey party.

J. C.

PEMBROKE—Captain Davis is by no means behind the times as he is making Pembroke move in Army circles. Our farewell Sunday evening meeting on the market was good, and a large number were present. Three men requested to be prayed for. Great interest is now being taken in the open-air meetings, sometimes hundreds listening. Many kind friends seem to be taking a deep interest in Army events now. We are beginning to feel that barracks are long—lived.

THE OVER-SEA COLONY.

A Social Catechism.

Copy of a Despatch Received From the General by the Commandant.

BY THE GENERAL.

CHAPTER V.

The First Settlement.

- How would you proceed with respect to the employment of colonists? How would you commence the settlement?
- I would seek to form a sort of parent settlement much after the fashion of Hadleigh—that is, a general, industrial place, where everything was managed under the direction of the officers and all employed upon it were paid for their time and toil. There would be barracks for the single and married men. The single men would be fed as at present, or on some kind of a buffet principle, but everything would belong to the community.
- The colonists would be employed at what they were best fitted for.
- Wages would be paid on somewhere about the rate paid in the country outside the settlement.
- These wages would be dealt with as follows:
 - Deductions would be made to defray the present cost of board and lodging.
 - The surplus would go towards the repayment of cost of outfit and passage money, if not already paid.
 - After these charges have been met then the surplus will go, above present support, clothes and pocket money, into the Colony Bank towards future needs.
- What kind of work would the colonist be employed upon in the parent settlement?
- In making roads, providing accommodation for more colonists, building cottages for those who settle outside the parent settlement, preparing gardens, hovels, pig-stys, breeding cattle, working in the dairy and in different industries, such as weaving cloth, tanning leather, making boots and shoes, making furniture, bricks, wheel-barrows, building carts, cutting wood, etc., etc.
- Is it intended to keep the colonists all the time in this parent settlement?
- Oh dear, no! The idea is to surround this settlement with a number of cottage settlements. That is to say, plots, allotments of ground, will be laid out, say 5 to 6 or 10 acres of land, as may be found suitable, the smaller portion the better. If there is sufficient to provide for the needs of a family on these plots of land, cottages will be built and gardens laid out and planted with the most useful vegetables and trees, fruit, etc. At the onset a cow, pig, a few fowls, can be provided as to give the family a fair start.
- Will the cottager have the use of any other lands than that here in described?
- Each group of cottagers will have a quantity of land assigned to them, which will serve as a sort of common, on which they will run their cows, horses, sheep, or such cattle as they may possess.

KINGSTON—Had with us Adjutant and Mrs. Southall. Sunday, good meetings. The devil tried hard Sunday night to break up our open-air in the shape of a young man who was drunk and wanted to fight with us. Adjutant spoke very earnestly in sign and Mrs. McLean.

SURSBY—Good times all through the week. A large number of military soldiers present, who are here on drill. They helped us considerably, and know how to conduct themselves in meetings. We had the joy of seeing seven Engel at the cross. Capt. Penny, Lieut. Stacey, Capt.

THE VERY LATEST

WIRED FROM N. S.

By Brigadier Scott.

Impressive Funeral

Service

Of the Late MAJOR JEWER.

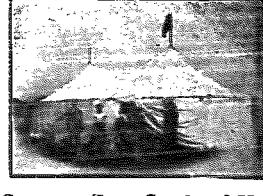
ST. JOHN, N.B., July 17, '95.

The remains of our beloved comrade, Major Jewer, were laid away yesterday afternoon at New Glasgow. A most impressive service was held at the house at West Merigomish, where he died. The body was brought to New Glasgow, ten miles. The power of God wonderfully felt during the afternoon service; his glorified spirit seemed to hover around us while we talked of his beautiful life and triumphant entry to glory. Mrs. Jewer wonderfully upheld by power Divine. The audience moved to tears as she spoke of her loss. The Major's last chorus was sung, "To Thy Cross I come, Lord." One volunteer. Four Staff Officers laid him away. Effective service at the grave. Report following. Two souls in night meeting.

BRIGADIER SCOTT.

ST. JOHN I—Well, well, well. Did you ever hear tell of the like? On Sunday we had the reading of the will, the funeral service, the entombment of the remains of the deceased, and a dedicatory service in the meeting. Monday we had our excursion. Although the morning looked unfavourable, it turned out to be a fine day. We had a very good crowd, and they all seemed to enjoy themselves. We are having nearly all special meetings, and special times of blessing.—Sergeant Andrews.

HUNTINGDON—We have been having some special meetings lately, which have proved very successful. On Thursday, June 27, we had an ice cream social and special meeting, led by Ensign McDonald, Capt. Heister and Beckstead, old friends and officers of this corps. The people and friends assisted us nobly. We are having very nice times at our post, the meeting on Friday night was real good. On returning, about four miles from home we met with an accident, when the wheel of our buggy gave out. Capt. Beckstead, who remained for a few weeks' rest, was with us. We set to work with presence of mind, so, after a little difficulty, managed to get it bound up and arrived home in safety.—Capt. McNeil and Cadet La Londe.



GANANOQUE TENT—Captain and Mrs. Powers in charge.

GANANOQUE—Our barracks is getting repaired and cleaned, inside and out, at the landlord's expense. While this is being done, we have had our meetings in a tent located about 200 feet from the barracks. The meetings have been well attended, a few souls saved. Just finished up on last Sunday with five sinners for pardon. We intend to re-open our barracks with three days' special meetings. The Kingston team here, with Captain McLean, will assist us. We expect a big time.—Capt. and Mrs. Powers.



TREMENDOUS Eight Days' Battle WITH THE DEVIL AND MOSQUITOES.

Over 70 Blood and Fire Soldiers
Camped at Portage la
Prairie.

SOME ENGAGEMENTS WERE HOT AND SEVERE, LASTING SIX AND SEVEN HOURS WITHOUT ANY ADVICE—MILLIONS OF MOSQUITOES—CAMP AND SMUDGE FIRES HAD TO BE LIT DAY AND NIGHT TO KEEP OFF MOSQUITOES—45 PERSONS OUT FOR JUSTIFICATION AND BLESSING.

The writer and fourteen soldiers, with three teams in the caravan, left Neepawa for a drive across the prairie to Portage la Prairie camp meetings. The one night spent on the prairie will long be remembered, as we were attacked with

An Army of Mosquitoes

which drove some of our forces from the camp, however, we returned the fire on them by smoking them out, and thus we got a little rest.

Next day we arrived at the camp grounds, and putting up tents was the order of the day. The trials from Winnipeg brought in Major and Mrs. Bennett, Adjutant and Mrs. Rawling, Captains Clark and Spencer, as well as the Winnipeg brass band, which, by the way, is a blood and fire band. Portage troops, with the Portage brass band, met the Winnipeg troops at the station, and the whole forces marched straight to the camp on Island Park, where the great eight days' battle is to take place under canvas. Every person's faith runs high for a real cyclone of salvation, glory, and blessing. Major and staff had a short meeting, whilst Captains Spencer, Wilkins and Hewitt, with a willing force of men, put up the tents. The spirit of the Lord is upon the camp and great things will be done.

CAPTAIN WILLI HEWITT.

—XOXO—

SUNDAY, JUNE 30.—At 5:15 a.m. we were aroused by a TOOT-TOOT-TUM-TOO on the carnet, which was the signal for all hands to turn out, and we mustered for a good, old-time knee-drill. At holiness meeting the Major was enabled by the Holy Ghost to dent out some straight truths, which resulted in six for holiness and one man for salvation.

ARTHUR WILKINS, Capt.

—XOXO—

SUNDAY AFTERNOON. Gigantic mass, headed by Major Bennett, and Adjutant Rawling, and a number of officers, followed by the Portage la Prairie brass band, then came the Winnipeg brass band. Large crowd gathered in front of an hotel, where Ensign Hughes led off the testimony meeting. A glorious and happy free-and-easy was had.

—XOXO—

SUNDAY NIGHT.—The march was over 120 strong. PEOPLE POURED INTO CAMP. Mrs. Major Bennett, Mrs. Adjutant Rawling, and Mrs. Ensign Clark pleaded with the sinners and backsliders to come home. Eu-

sign Hughes read a Bible lesson and **Poured in Canister Shot.**

When the net was drawn in three fish were found.

JOHN SPENCER, Capt.

—XOXO—

MONDAY.—THE SAVED TURK told his name (Abdullah Ateh), meaning Servant of God. He said he would rather die than not live out his name. The holiness meeting a straight time. The Major read. Four sought the blessing.

The afternoon being announced a CALL-OUT MEETING, there was no getting around it, not even the Major, who tried to put us off with a chorus when called on for a solo.

Musical Festival at night. Ensign Hughes managed the whole affair. It was good. Captain Wilkins gave out a song from the Cry, which was taken hold of well. Portage again took the cake so far. Winnipeg band again. They can play.

SARAH SMITH, Capt.

—XOXO—

TUESDAY.—At 6:30 a.m. the bugle sounded through the camp calling to prayer God's soldiers. A nice lot present and a beautiful time was enjoyed. FAITH and WORKS seemed to be the text on which a quantity of real common sense talk was based. This meeting cannot fail to bring about, in the various meetings of the day, the salvation of souls.

At 6 o'clock Mrs. Major Bennett came to speak all the women officers and soldiers for a council. It would be hard to find a more devoted band of women who were there. Captain Westcott and his wife with us, who had just arrived from Fort William. Two for salvation and two for sanctification.

6 o'clock.—At the Town Hall. On account of the bad weather we went into town to hold this meeting to enable the people to pay us a visit at our last meeting. Good attendance. Major Bennett led off. Then the farewell testimonies of officers and comrades. Major Bennett then spoke. Bandsman Gillam sang. We kept on and two came forward. About this time

FRIDAY.—After a wet night we arose after a good sleep. Afternoon meeting, led by Ensign Goodwin, entitled "The D.D. from Brandon." Ensign Clark read, and spoke splendidly as to our lives being lives of victory for God.

We went into the prayer meeting with good hopes, until we had eight out. We got them through, and when we had a minute to look for the time we found that, alas, it was morning.

—XOXO—

SATURDAY.—About the first sound heard on Island Park this morning was THE BUGLE CALL OF THE DRAGOONS, at one end of the park, and the voices of Salvationists singing and praying at the other. It was long before seven o'clock, so some of the campers at least were in good trim for knee-drill. The meeting went without being pushed. Rain and other causes kept some away, but liberty prevailed. Several sought deliverance.

ENSIGN CLARKE.

—XOXO—

SUNDAY.—AFTER A WET NIGHT, knee-drill was well attended, considering the weather. Previous to the holiness meeting, the Portage in Prairie band played a few songs, led by Bandmaster Snider. At holiness meeting we had the pleasure of having Captain Westcott and his wife with us, who had just arrived from Fort William. Two for salvation and two for sanctification.

6 o'clock.—At the Town Hall. On account of the bad weather we went into town to hold this meeting to enable the people to pay us a visit at our last meeting. Good attendance. Major Bennett led off. Then the farewell testimonies of officers and comrades. Major Bennett then spoke. Bandsman Gillam sang. We kept on and two came forward. About this time

The Fire Bell Rang.

and, as the fire station was only next door, the bell was soon cleared of a lot of its inmates. Three souls.

Twenty-six for salvation, and 19 for sanctification.

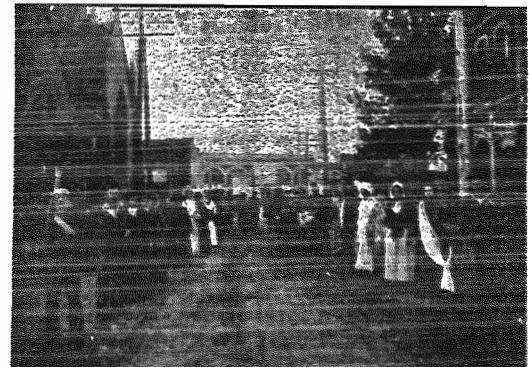
Headquarters' Staff is tired out, even down to

J. H. COLLINSON, alias JIMMY.

CAPTAIN !!!

Begin to Plan and Scheme for the Successful Working of This Year's

HARVEST FESTIVAL



THE NATIONALITY MARCH, in Victoria, B.C.

Victoria's Recent Doings.

The Victoria, B.C., comrades have recently held a "nationality" meeting, which, according to our Special Correspondent, Annie Kelly's report, was a glorious success.

The march (a portion of which is shown in our illustration) was headed by two "blue-jackets," representing Great Britain. Among other countries were Japan, Belgium, Italy,

Useful - Information

FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

Domestic Tit-Bits.

The "Social Gazette" editor asked Major Oberholser, "What are the three best, easily prepared, handy dishes, suitable for married officers and family?"

2. Ditto, ditto, for unmarried officers?

3. Any simple rules of health found to be personally beneficial?

4. What should we take for supper?

His reply was—

Handy dishes for families:

(a) Well boiled rice and milk.

(b) Vegetables of the season (including tomatoes) cut small and simmered with pearl barley.

(c) In hot weather: Brown bread and butter with stewed prunes, and coarse curds and whey.

For single officers:

(a) Small piece of neck of mutton, set to simmer with tomatoes and a little oatmeal. 2nd. Baked tapioca pudding.

(b) Boil a quarter of a pound best cheese in a half-pint milk, and pour it on toasted brown bread. Brink coco with it. (I have cycled twenty-seven miles in the teeth of a strong wind on this.)

(c) Fresh eggs, . . . and butter, coco, and a tin of apricots, or any fruit.

Health:

(a) Don't live on frying-pans and beetle fare, sausages, tea, etc.

(b) Always prefer fruit and vegetables to meat.

(c) Never eat within an hour of public speaking, in order that you may think clearly, and preserve the voice.

(d) Don't suck candy or eat any fat puff paste; the former ruins the throat for singing, and the latter ruins the digestive organs.

(e) Study to keep the stomach healthy, and you will escape nineteen pains out of twenty.

(f) Bathe as regularly as possible the whole body.

(g) Don't fast nearly all day Sunday, and then gorge at night. It is certain ruin to the mental powers and digestion. Take little and often.

(h) Always remember that the brain and stomach cannot be fully active at the same time. If you take a cold stomach, then your powers become absorbed in the effort to digest the food, and one cannot think, in that condition, without very great exertion, which sooner or later proves injurious.

(i) Bathe as regularly as possible the whole body.

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(g) Don't fast nearly all day Sunday, and then gorge at night. It is certain ruin to the mental powers and digestion. Take little and often.

(h) Always remember that the brain and stomach cannot be fully active at the same time. If you take a cold stomach, then your powers become absorbed in the effort to digest the food, and one cannot think, in that condition, without very great exertion, which sooner or later proves injurious.

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SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODIGAL.

A Serial Story.

"And a Certain Man Had Two Sons."

III

I RAN AWAY the second time when I was sixteen. During these years I had often made resolutions to be good, but I had broken them so often that I became disgusted and unhappy, and gave up trying, till a spirit of utter lawlessness took possession of me.

Then the devil suggested to me that

My Father's Credit Was Good.

so I made up my mind to run away to America. I went and ordered a tricycle in my father's name, telling the man I was going on a tour to Inverness. Of course it was a thundering lie. Then I went to the stores and stocked my knapsack full of provisions—feu folie gros, chocolate, etc. I sold some of my father's books to get a little ready money, as I couldn't find much about the house.

I rode on steadily till I reached Stonehaven, and camped for the night at a fishing village. All next day I travelled as far and as fast as I could go. Next evening I reached Dundee, with only a few shillings in my pocket. I told a yarn to a gentleman about returning from a tour and being short of funds, till he pulled out half a sovereign and gave it to me.

I WAS HEADING FOR LIVERPOOL. I pictured America as a land paved with gold, so I rode on all night on Saturday till I came to Dymart, near the Firth of Forth. I was completely tired out by the time I came in a little well for a drink of water. But I was anxious to push on, for I knew I must soon be on my track, and I had not encountered on being obliged to cross the water. But I had reckoned without my tricycle. I had to pay heavily for that. When I reached Edinburgh the bells were ringing for church as I rode up the main street, looking by that time a pretty disreputable object, with my Scotch gilligan cap and my knapsack. I can't imagine what possessed me that I did not change that cap—I'd brought another on purpose. Of course I might have known my father had telegraphed to Edinboro', with full particulars of my appearance. Of course one of

The Detectives Noticed Me

at once as answering the description, so he came up and spoke to me.

I was halting for a drink at the fountain when the fellow asked where I was going. Of course I told him a lie. I said I was bound for Glasgow.

Then he wanted to know if I had a friend in town. "Like a fool, I told him yes, I had. That was a terribly bad break—he'd be sure to ask them. I told him the name of my uncle, who lived there. Then nothing would do but he must show me the way to the house, and I couldn't refuse to go with him.

We found they had all gone to church, except my cousin. So I put my wheel inside and sat down, intending to give him the slip as soon as his back was turned. But if another constable didn't appear and walk up and down as soon as the other left. I had to go.

My cousin asked me I wouldn't have a bath and go to do a bit. I thought I might just as well, for I was tired and travel-stained. I intended to smoke a little while and then escape, but I had reckoned without my sleepy head. I slept right on, till I heard a voice say, "Well, Master Robert, what are you doing here?" There was one of my father's

detectives he had sent from home, leaning over me.

Oh, if that wasn't a melancholy procession back to the station! I realized I was badly left.

But I was BY NO MEANS REPENTANT—no, not I. I was thoroughly mad at myself for getting caught. However, I knew it was all up, so I put a brave face on, and chatted away to the detective, bought a "Tit-bit," and read it in the train. It must have been a strange position for that man, bringing home the youngest son of the chief of the county constabulary, for all the hundred men under him held my father in the most profound respect.

Oh, how it must have

Cut My Father to the Soul

when he met me at the station! But he said not a word as we drove home with my elder brother.

I was confined to the house and kept silent company two or three weeks, and father talked to me about the shame and disgrace I was bringing into the family. Till at last I broke down, and said I was desperately sorry. Poor father tried to forget, and by degrees put more confidence in me.



FATHER LOCKED ME IN MY ROOM TILL I WAS WILLING TO OWN UP.

But there was no God in my sorrow—it was the spurious remorse that worketh death. I resolved and determined to be a better man, and even wrote good resolutions and signed them in my own blood, but all to no avail. I was pretty strong willed, but I did not know how to rise up and take hold of the power of the Lord. So I sank lower and lower.

Wasted His Substance in Riotous Living.

When I was barely old enough I coaxed my father into letting me go TO COLLEGE.

I passed my preliminary examination as a medical student and entered the Aberdeen University.

From that day my career began to darken.

I had every inducement to do right, every privilege put in my way, for my father's sake. Here I met Gordon again, the very one who had been my companion in evil when we were boys together, playing truant from school, and plaguing the policeman.

I took up with him again, took to going round the streets with him. Once or twice, I never would drink; however he might call me silly-softly—thanks to my father's example.

I had been at college a year, chiefly working

In the Infirmary, Dressing Wounds,

etc., and the exams for the year's course were coming on, but of course I was in no shape to pass them off the way I had been cutting up with Gordon. I knew it was no use for me to say, I knew my papers would be no good. I began to be ashamed and afraid that all my wickedness would be found out and my father would bring me to account. He had been put to so much trouble with all my expensive surgical instruments and medical books.

As a last episode in the act, I determined I would run away. My fees for the next session were just coming due, so instead of paying them I thought I would take possession of them for my passage, and wrote to Liverpool for the rates to New York, where I intended to go under an assumed name.

I always was careless about my clothes, and I laid my coat on the bed. Well, if my sister didn't chance to come in and pick up that coat to hang it up!

OF COURSE the letters fell out of the pocket, with the picture of an adored Gordon and I had been familiar with. OF COURSE my sister took them to my father!

He confronted me with them and wanted to know what was the meaning of them. Everything was in the ball.

God grant my story may keep somebody from going in my downward path.

HE LOCKED ME IN MY BEDROOM until I was willing to confess. Of course, I was only a lad still, and he was so stern and upright. My food was brought to me, and I stayed there for several weeks, but I wouldn't give in. I had my piano, and I would play and read, but I refused to give any explanation. They sent the minister to deal with me, but that was no good. I was a perfect devil of obstinacy. They all had a whack at me, but I was absolutely indifferent. I seemed possessed with wickedness.

Until at last, one night, late—it must have been after twelve o'clock—I was standing with my hand resting on the mantelpiece, and father came upstairs into my room.

It suddenly struck me

How Haggard and Worn He Looked.

That was the first moment I felt like breaking down. If he had scolded me I should have been as stubborn as ever.

"BOB, MY POOR BOY!" he said, with a break in his voice, and he put his hand on my shoulder. If he had thrashed me round the room I should have cared nothing.

Dear old man! I can understand now how he wrestled and agonized with Heaven on my behalf—and now he is gone—GONE!

God forgive me!

I believe He does.

Then I burst into A TORMENT OF WEEPING, and put my arms round him, and buried my head in his shoulder.

I wept till I was exhausted.

Then he told him everything I could remember of all my wickedness, from my boyhood up. Talk about confessing! I told him how my nature had misled me, how evil passions had held me of, how ashamed I was about everything.

(To be continued.)

H.F.-H.F.

DATES:

Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.

Aug. 31st, Sept. 1st, 2nd, 3rd.

- GET READY! -

The Army Crab-Boat.

In the Swedish Shelters the poor men are privileged to have "Finisch Bath," after the Turkish bath style. During this performance the clothes are being disinfected. Often one hundred men can be found in the bath.

A gambler at Houston, Texas, has made a capital sign for the barracks, and donates seven dollars a month towards the rent.

A young man, who was sent to San Quentin prison, Cal., about ten months ago, got saved shortly after and became a Salvationist. The late California Cry announces his death and burial by his fellow prisoners.

A Birmingham friend has donated \$13 for the purpose of sending a "War Cry" and "Social Gazette" weekly, to six soldiers and sailors.

A Boy's Home has just been decided upon in Fetter Lane, London. It will afford sleeping accommodation for eighty boys, with bath rooms, etc.

Cadet Mary Loxton, a Eurasian (one half English, half Japanese), at San Francisco, has farewelled for Japan.

A certain crowd of toughs, called the "Black '75," who used to disturb our men in Paris, have all got saved.

This is how the New Zealand Cry describes the playing of the Guard's Bass drummer: The drummer who manipulated the drum was the cynosure of all eyes, for the way he used those drumsticks was a caution to snakes, let alone white men. The various evolutions and gyrations that he caused those sticks to perform made the natives "sit up," and stare with a hundred horse-power stare, that was laughable to behold.

A meeting in New Zealand was to be held in a schoolhouse, but the Lieutenant found that the key was missing. Nothing daunted, he got the people in through the window.

A shorthand class has been started at the Trade Headquarters, London. Already there are 35 students.

We make our own bows in England. A bowman has given over his factory to us, and has become a Salvationist.

International Trade Headquarters are publishing a series of lives of prominent colonizers, called the "Red-Hot" Library.

"The new volume of "The Musical Salvationist" will contain letterpress sketches of song writers, and lives of prominent bandmasters; histories of famous hymns, etc., will occupy a portion of the space each month. It is intended to make this an international publication. We are in communication with all our Territorial leaders, and, without doubt, the quality and circulation of this magazine will rise swiftly and permanently."—English Cry.

Last July 6th was our 30th anniversary. To-day we have 11,583 officers and 3,292 corps. Our social institutions amount to 281, and the monetary value of our weekly publications reaches the sum of \$1,000,000. Hallelujah!

Portsmouth L corps, 25 years old, has now 300 on the rolls, 31 bands, and sells 55 dozen papers every week.

The first man to kneel at the penitent form at the opening of the New York Memorial Headquarters was a sample of the sort we'll after, viz., a hard-working man.

The English Cadets, on another march, visited seven corps, and by Field Commissioner Eva Borth, saw 182 souls seeking pardon and purity.

Major Cooke, a converted salaried and Salvationist, visited Aspett forces and saw three souls at the cross on the course.

THE COMING GREAT HARVEST FESTIVAL.

NOTES ON THE ARRANGEMENTS.

BY THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY.

Aug. 31, 1861, The Dealer Sept. 1, 2, 3.

Friend officers should carefully read these notes and hints. Stick them in a book. Refer to them continually, plan, scheme, invent, and arrange at once.

H. F. - H. F. - H. F.

New and varied are the ideas for 1861. The Commandant is determined to spare neither time nor trouble in making the printed matter as tasty and attractive as possible. Last year circulars, letter cards, etc., have, therefore, been thoroughly overhauled, and after solemn conclave and council, "the powers that be" have come to the following decisions:-

THE COMMANDANT'S CIRCULAR to friend officers is a most lengthy and detailed printed four-page pamphlet. Officers should very carefully peruse this, and keep it before them. In it they will find suggestions, ideas, and hints of all kinds. These, if faithfully carried out, should insure success in every enterprise. As soon as possible it will go to each F. O., who should lay it out before the Lord, then pin and sketch out the success of the H. F. in their corps.

THE COLLECTING CARD will be of greater dimensions than any previous card. The design on front will be most appropriate and elegant, with a decided H. F. flavor and touch. Soldiers and friends will be only too glad to sollicit gifts and donations on such a card. It will be a beauty, indeed. Its envelope, too, will be just the card in which to preserve the card.

C-A-R-D.

THE SOCIAL SACK. This is a startling novelty. A neat sack, containing a nice apparel from the Commandant, will be left at different farmers' and friends' houses. It will be made to contain a bushel of grain. The filled sack will be called for and sent out to Toronto. Headquarters will buy from the corps or give credit for the grain. It is a capital move, and will surely take on at least all over Ontario. More of this.

S-A-C-K.

FIELD OF WORK. This idea is to be continued and enlarged upon. Good success attended the efforts of our officers, and soldiers, and friends last year, but "excellence" must be the cry. Care should be manifested by all concerned in making up future articles which will meet with the readiest sale. Several unusual things were left on hand last year. Officers will, therefore, seek to beg and get those things which will be needed. Arrange for your stalls at once. Get the Commandant's notes in future cry.

W-O-R-K S-A-L-E.

THE POSTERS. These will be printed in a very pretty style. Possibly a big sheet of grain will be shown. It will be an exquisite affair. Wisely decorate the walls of your barracks with these and they will attract great attention. Get the bill-poster to post some up around your town, and send him to do it freely.

DECORATION OF BARRACKS. Now is the time to think about what you will do on the decoration line. Give your barracks a real harvest appearance. The people will come to see the decorations if they are really done. Many folks will gladly lend you some flowers with which to decorate the platform, if you take care of them.

LIVE STOCK. In and around the Central and Western Ontario Provinces live stock, from horses and cattle down to quacking ducks, may be secured. Lots was done to this direction last year, but with more effort greater things can be accomplished. A royal sale can be got for such. What about a "fatted calf," a porker, a few rabbits, some sheep? Now is the time to give the farmer the hint.

The butcher will help.
The grocer will assist.
The cobbler will cobble.

Tradesmen and merchants of all kinds will gladly come to our help if they understand the idea of the glorious Harvest Festival.

ORGANIZATION. This is the secret of all success, in this, as in every other, scheme. Officers! Look to it. God bless you!

(More next week.)

MOOSOMIN.

— AND —

Two-Thirds were Drunk.

Praise God, it's getting better. Captain and I went out visiting among the Crofters, and, although it's hard to understand Gaelic, yet we were able to let them know we were Salvationists. Poor souls! One poor man told us we couldn't know we were saved in this world. But Captain soon helped him out of his trouble. We had a meeting, and as we were praying one lad walked boldly up and told the people that through our meetings he gave God his heart. Whilst herding cattle, he composed a song and sang it in the meeting. May God bless the lad. We believe God has saved him. Praise God. On Friday night a young lady, who has been convicted for a long time, gave God her heart and got beautifully saved. It's good to see

THE DEVIL GET BEAT,

and the Lord have the victory. We had a good time yesterday, 1st July. We had an open-air. Eight of us marched and we formed a ring outside the saloon, where two-thirds of the people were drunk. While praying, one of the lads pushed a drunk on top of Captain, but the old fellow kept still. We got a good collection, and after the service we marched and were quiet. Poor fellows, there'll be sorry for their foolishness to-day. But, thank God, we mean to try and win them for Jesus, who has a right to them—Cadet A. W. Clarke, for Capt. Cromarty.

A Glorious Report.

HAT PORTAGE, ONT.—Since last report other **SIX SOULS** saved, good cases. One young woman volunteered right out.

On last Sunday night another woman got saved, and on Tuesday, while visiting her, her husband came into the kitchen, and, instead of the stove, took hold of the litter, removes one of the lids off the stove, and said, "There's the strength and help of God that's the last of that!" throwing the pipe into the stove. Then he and myself went into the dining-room. He began to tell me how God had been speaking to him. We got on our knees and prayed. God gave him pardon. On Wednesday night, before going on to the platform, he went to the penitent form, feeling satisfied that he would thus do all God required of him. Both he and his wife are going to be out and cut Salvationists.

On Thursday night Brother and Sister Walsh's eldest boy came out and got saved, also another young man, a Swede. He came out on Monday night, but before he got through he had to leave to go to steer a boat on which he worked, as they were waiting for him, but he came back Thursday night and got the victory. He told the master he had quit drinking, etc., and the master should be kind, etc., and his master, when he got him, encouraged him on, and asked the boys on the boat to do nothing to hinder him. Praise God for a chance to labor with him. For God's sake—Ensign Bob Smith, Lieut. J. Hawkirk, P.S.—Lieut. Hawkirk sold 72 War Cry on the street.

Something for Your Soul. WEST ONTARIO WAR DESPATCH.

BY BRIGADIER MARGETTS.

Fraternal.

MRS. MAJOR READ.

"If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John, 1. 8, 9.

THE question is sometimes asked, "If people are cleansed from sin through faith in the blood of Jesus, how is it they fall into sin again?"

There seems to be a strong analogy between natural and spiritual law. The laws which govern the physical man are very similar to those which govern the spiritual.

An instance suggests itself to me. An individual is

Stricken Down

with a malignant fever. The seeds of death have apparently taken root in his system, and his life is despaired of, but a stronger power intervenes. His disease is arrested, its germs are eradicated. Under the skilful application of proper remedies new life takes possession, and he becomes well and strong—in fact, is restored to perfect health.

But there are certain health laws to be observed, for although he is perfectly well, there is still a danger of his falling a victim of his old malady. Though the nearest friend may pronounce his condition perfect, may witness to the fact that his eye was never brighter, his arm never so strong, or his step so firm as since his restoration, yet he must have proper diet, pure air, and the environments conducive to health to maintain that condition.

The analogy is patent to all. Sin, the soul's dread destroyer, has fastened its roots deep and firm in the spiritual part of man's trinity. The germs of eternal death are there present. But a changing, transforming power comes into the sinner's life—the purifying blood of Jesus. By faith he accepts its efficacy.

What is the Result?

The roots of bitterness are destroyed, the old nature is changed, he is a "new creature," cleansed from "all unrighteousness." But he is not saved from temptation or the danger of the old soul maladies affecting him. There are conditions to this healthy soul life.

He must live in the pure air of obedience to the divine will of God, warmed by the sunlight of his smile, daily receiving nourishment from the sincere milk of the word, mingled with faith in its promises. continual communion with his heavenly Physician by prayer will keep him instructed in the why he should go, while self-sacrifice for others will prove a stimulating exercise.

What about your spiritual condition, sister soldier, brother soldier? Seek that power and strength from the Great Physician that shall purify your soul, and then comply with the conditions of His word, and bask in the pure sunshine of His smile, happy, useful, strong, growing daily in the "knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

BELLEVILLE—Real good news here. We have had the joy of seeing a **NUMBER OF SOULS** come to the Saviour. On Sunday, God's conviction was stamped on the hearts of the unshaved, but none would yield. —L. Spriggs, for Capt. Moffatt and Ensign Macnamara.

NEWCASTLE—There has been a break in the enemy's ranks. On Sunday night TWO brothers sought the pardon of their sins, afterwards taking the Sunday previous ONE Nisbett, a criminal, for a partial pardon. On the 1st July Chatham and Newcastle united for a great and picnic to Redbank. This was well attended. Many predicted a rainy day, but faith won the victory, and the day was all that could have been desired.—Carrie Reeves, L.A.L.H.

The "halleujah time" we put together at Paris the other Friday night was most pleasant as well as profitable. It was a great joy to share the fight with our comrades, the Editor and his wife. The place got a stirring up, and we trust the visit of the "Desperadoes" will end in a big revival, arrangements for which were completed during our stay there.

Tent Fighting—21 Souls.

Brantford, too, got a waking during the next three days. Saturday was spent in one inside and five open-air bombardments, the last of which took place after the ordinary night meeting. It was a rouser. Monday night we had more open-air manoeuvres, dividing the forces into separate brigades, while the band marched round town, playing and pounding as they went. The crowds were great throughout, the Salvation tent proving far too small to accommodate the throng. The meetings swung along in fine style. God poured out His Spirit. Twenty-one souls sought salvation and purity, among them being two married couples. Collections went up to about four times the usual amount. The officers' meeting and all-night of prayer were real soul-mellowing times. Twenty-one meetings in all were held during the three days.

Pull up the Tent-Poles.

An extensive staff and field change takes place during the last week in July, which will affect ten districts, 24 corps, 12 staff, and 120 officers. In future Stratford will be the headquarters of the present Sestertia district, Ingersoll will be attached to London, Woodstock to Simcoe, and Brantford and Paris to Guelph. The present Woodstock being discontinued, by virtue of the change, Ensign and Mrs. Fraser, and their portion of the rising generation, have bidden us God speed them.

McMillan Married.

Capt. M. A. Robertson is no more. The Captain withdrew honourably from the work some time ago on account of ill-health. The P. S. had the pleasure of "tying the knot" at Guelph on Wednesday night, which made her Mrs. A. McMillan. God bless them both and make them a power for good in Owen Sound, whether they have flown.

Debris Dis.

Our attention has been well absorbed in dealing with financial difficulties and solving financial problems for a long time. The clouds of debt hanging over us broke a while ago, and soon, through the assistance of the brave *Leaves* Band, the last cloud will have passed and the mist rolled away. Three cheers for the L. B. R!

Save Sinners!

Are you alive to this purpose? Quick to see their danger and despatch to call them to their rescue? Strong to suffer on their behalf and fearless as to what men or devils may think or say, so long as you can get them to the blood. Oh! for a passionate spirit of desperation to save souls to fall on all hands. For this PRAY, WRESTLE, FIGHT, BELIEVE!

Mrs. Margetts.

Mrs. Margetts, after a most trying time of sickness and weakness, is able to be up and about again. It will, however, be some weeks before she is able to take part at the front of the battle.

Go to the People.

We have had a series of lively open-air attacks at sin and sinners in Sestertia, Clinton, Bayfield, and Goderich, recently. What's the use of going into a study hall, with 40 or 50 people, when you can get from five to twenty times as many a *work* or *grove*? THE OPEN AIR IS OUR CATHEDRAL FOR THE SUMMER MONTHS.

J. H. M.

